

MAINE FARMER

AND JOURNAL OF THE USEFUL ARTS.

BY WILLIAM NOYES & CO.]

"Our Home, Our Country, and Our Brother Man."

[E. HOLMES, Editor.]

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THE FARMER.

WINTHROP, FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 16, 1835.

For the Maine Farmer.

Tomatoes.

MR. HOLMES:—I noticed in your paper of the 21st of August, some observations of Prof. Bennet's upon the Tomato, as being a remedy for the affections of the liver, dyspepsia, &c.

These are serious evils to which many are subject in our Northern climate, as well as elsewhere, and if the above plant will cure or prevent them, its value is inestimable.

If therefore you will give us a particular description of it, tell where it may be found, and how cultivated, you will very much oblige a SUBSCRIBER.

New Portland, September, 1835.

The Tomato we suspect is not a native of the United States, but is cultivated in gardens for the sake of its fruit, which, when prepared properly, makes excellent catsup; and they are also used for pickles, sauces, &c. They are very easily raised, but our summers in Maine are not always long enough to ripen them perfectly. The seed may be planted very early in the spring, on a light loamy warm spot, made moderately rich. If too rich, they run too much to vines, and do not ripen so early. The plant grows up about as large as the potatoe, which, when growing, it some resembles. It puts out a cluster of small yellow flowers, from which proceed a number of balls, growing like potato balls, only much larger. These when ripe are of a beautiful cherry red color. They are then gathered and made into whatever is required of them. Some stew them into sauce, as you would cranberries. Some make Catsup or Ketchup of them, a recipe for which we have published in some back numbers of the Farmer. Although it does not always ripen perfectly here, yet its seeds which fall to the ground from the frost bitten fruit, almost always come up next spring, proving that they are retentive of life. They are flat shaped, something like red pepper seeds. The best method for raising them to perfection in our climate, would undoubtedly be, to plant the seeds, say during the latter part of August, and taking up the young plants, protect them in a cellar or some place free from frost during the winter, and set them out in the spring. We have however, often started them in a hot bed, and after setting them out, had them ripen in good season. How far Prof. Bennet is correct in his statements in regard to their curative or preventive effects of the disease

es which he mentions we cannot say; but they are a useful article of diet, and should be found in every man's garden, and on every man's table, who likes the innocent luxuries so easily and pleasantly afforded to him, who will bestow a little pains and labor. The seeds are abundant, and that our friendly "subscriber" may test Prof. B's prescription, we will e'en forward him a few to begin with.

Weevil in Wheat,

OR SOMETHING WORSE.

It will be recollected, that we last summer, made mention of an insect that was doing much mischief to the wheat crop in the upper part of Oxford County, which the inhabitants of that section called the weevil, or an insect which deposited its egg in the kernel of the growing wheat, from which was hatched a maggot that eat out the inside of the grain.

An esteemed friend has given us information that this enemy has also made its appearance in some other parts of the State.

In Dover, Penobscot County, he states that a person examined a few heads of wheat which had started up in a patch of peas and oats. He found from 3 to 6 kernels in each head contained a maggot which had eaten out the flour. The maggot was brownish and about half as long as the kernel, and what was remarkable, all of these kernels had sprouted while the other kernels had not. The person who tends the mill in that place, thinks that at present, about one bushel in thirty is destroyed by this insect. In the town of Albion, there have been several cases. In Andover and vicinity, (Oxford County) wheat on ploughed land has been much injured by this insect, while wheat upon burnt land escaped. A person from Somersetshire in England, states that the same enemy is not uncommon there. Should these insects increase much, they will make a formidable enemy to the wheat culturist, and that they will, is altogether probable, unless some means are taken to check their progress and ward off their attacks.

Small as they are, they are nevertheless to be much feared, and it should be the duty of every farmer in whose neighborhood they are found, to study them with unceasing care and vigilance.—Study their habits, and modes of life. It is the only way that they can be subdued. Why was it that they attacked the wheat in ploughed land, and not on a burn? Does the maggot hatch into a fly as soon as he has done eating the wheat, or does he retire into the earth and wait, as some insects do, until the next season? If he changes into a fly during the season he is hatched in the wheat, what does he do with himself during our winters? for it seems that he is alive and abroad in the summer in season to lay his eggs in the kernel of wheat soon after it forms.

These are questions which are important, and can only be answered by closely watching the insect and noticing his movements. In this way you will be enabled to manage your crop so as to get rid of or avoid him.

Crossing the Breed of Animals.

Much as has been said, written, and for aught we know sung upon the subject of crossing the breeds of different animals, there are many things still left in the dark or but very little known. We do not know after all what is absolutely the best method and the shortest course to pursue. The breeding of Horses and Cattle is the work of years; as it takes three or four years or more for them to come to maturity, and of course, it makes the business of slow progress. As a general rule however it seems to be the fact, that the progeny from a cross of two pretty distinct breeds, partake externally of the points &c. of the sire, and internally of the character, habits, &c., of the dam. According to some experiments tried in Sweden as related in a periodical of that country several years ago, "The mule produced from a Horse, and a Jenny resembled the Horse externally with his ears, mane and tail; but with the nature or manners of the ass. But the hinny or foal from a Jack and a mare, resembled the father externally, but with the nature and manners of the horse. So also the breed of sheep from the Spanish Ram and Sweedish ewes, resembled the Spanish Sheep in wool, statue, and external form, but was as hardy as the Sweedish sheep; and the contrary occurred from those produced from Sweedish rams and Spanish ewes. The offspring from the male goat of Angora, and the Sweedish female goat had long soft hair like the male, while the offspring from the male Sweedish goat and female Angora, had no improvement in their wool." From these experiments, and indeed from all experience, it seems, that as a general rule the male imprints his form and qualities pretty strongly on the external parts at least. If it be also true that the internal parts, or the manners, or in other words, capacity for enduring the changes of climate, thriving properties, &c., follow the dam more closely, it is as important that the mother should be active, hardy and healthy, as that the male should be robust and well proportioned. It is a subject which intimately concerns all farmers who breed stock of any kind, and one also upon which there is a vast deal to be learned yet. How far constitutional infirmities in either parent may be expected to follow their progeny,—How far particular kinds of food, or modes of feeding may influence the progeny before it comes into existence, &c., may be not so well known yet, perhaps, as it should be.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Old Colony. No. 3.

Old Colony, Sept. 14, 1835.

MR. HOLMES:—Dear Sir, According to promise made in my last, I proceed to make a few observations on the improvements made in Agricultural Implements. And I will begin by introducing an extract from an Address delivered by Roland Howard, Esq. to the Bristol County (Mass.) Agricultural Society.

"Compare the implements used in husbandry at the present day, with those in use in former times. See, with the mind's eye, Cincinnatus following his

land with the limb of a tree for his plough beam, and a knot of it for his coulter and share! Look at the Patriarchs, see them grinding their corn with pestle and mortar. And if you trace the progress of improvement down to fifty years ago, what do we find to be the state of the husbandman's implements at that period? We then might see a breaking-up or sward plough, nine or ten feet in length requiring six or more stout oxen to draw it—one man between the handles, one on the beam, and another with a hoe to turn the furrows. Now compare this plough with Prouty's [Hitchcock's] cast iron sod plough of the present day. Compare the cost of breaking up an acre with a plough of the former construction, with one of the latter. Give me Prouty's [Hitchcock's] sod plough and one good yoke of oxen, and I will plough more land in a day, and plough it vastly better too, than can be ploughed in the same time with three hands and four or six oxen, with such a plough as those generally in use forty or fifty years since.

"Well, how is it with another necessary implement, the *Shovel*. Fifty or sixty years since, the shovels in use here were generally made of an oak plank, without a particle of iron or steel about them! Compare these with Ames' finely polished cast steel or iron and steel shovels of the present day—send two men to your compost heap, the one furnished with the wooden, and the other with the steel shovel—at night count up the loads each man may have loaded, and see how the account will stand. Carefully note the labor saving of that day's work—then see what it will amount to in one hundred days, or the number of days in a year that you may want the use of a shovel on your farm, and you will then have the annual amount of the saving in the improvement made in one single implement."

The improvements made in the culture of Indian corn and other "hoed" crops, have caused the invention of a very useful implement called the *Cultivator*. Of this implement there are two kinds. They have heretofore been described in your paper. Some prefer one and some the other; but both are considered very useful. Among the best farmers, they have entirely superseded the plough for working among crops. Besides their advantages of leaving the ground light and level, and in much better condition for the crop by thoroughly extirpating weeds, &c. they make a great labor saving by working, if desired, close up to the very stalk of the plant without injury. An intelligent farmer told me that he saved one third of the expense of managing his corn, by the use of the *Cultivator*, and at the same time managed it better. It is also liked well for working among potatoes; it being ascertained that they do best, (except when they are likely to be injured by water,) to have the ground as near level as it can be, and keep dirt enough over the tubers to prevent their being injured by the sun and air. In Massachusetts they generally hoe their potatoes twice, as the ground is very subject to weeds; and some prefer the use of the double-mould-board cast iron plough, at the second hoeing, to the cultivator, in order to throw up a little dirt to the potatoes.

The great extension within a few years of the root culture has introduced various models of the *drill machine*. They had been introduced into England by what was called the *Tull husbandry*, several years before. The best which I have ever seen, for a "hand drill," taking into consideration simplicity and cheapness, was, I believe, invented by a Mr. Edson, of South Bridgewater. It may be readily graduated to sow in proper quantities, and at proper distances, the seeds of all kinds of tur-

*MR. OLIVER AMES may be justly considered the father of the present system of shovel making in the United States. It is supposed that the best shovels and spades in the world are from his manufactory at Easton, Mass. where seventy men are constantly employed in the business, and ten thousand dozen are annually made.

nips, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, onions, &c. and with a very slight alteration, all kinds of beets. It is not liable to get out of repair—a good one has lasted to sow two acres a year, for twelve years without any expense in repairs. In the execution of its work, it is admirable—it is better than it can be done by hand, and a man will sow with it an acre and a half of Ruta Baga in a day.

CIDER MILLS.—There have been various improvements in this article within my recollection of twenty years; but I have as yet seen none that near equal that on the improved Devonshire plan, belonging to Benjamin Vaughan, Esq. Hallowell.

Carts and Wheels for heavy work. Perhaps the general march of improvement in rural affairs, is nowhere more visible than in these articles. A few years ago you might have seen in use, among those who were called the best farmers of the Old Colony, a cart which in workmanship looked as though its materials had been worked out with the stone, axe and chisel of the savages, and put together by moon light, upon a pair of wheels with a hub as big as a cider barrel—the whole so heavy and so clumsily put together, that it was of itself about load enough for one yoke of oxen. You may now see among this class of farmers, a cart nicely put together, containing not half so much bulk of timber, but vastly stronger and more durable than the old kind—so much so that one of the new will, with proper care, last out a dozen of the old ones. The hub of the wheel made of cast iron, and the cart body so constructed and put on the axle, and the wheel so fastened on, that no dirt can get into the gudgeons. With one of these carts, one yoke of oxen will almost perform the work of two yoke, with an old fashioned one. They cost from \$80 to \$90.

The most approved kind of iron hubs, for heavy wheels, is that invented by Mr. Oliver Ames. It has a wrought iron forelock, and the spokes of the wheel are fastened by means of iron bolts passing between them, (a few inches from the base of the hub,) to which a nut is fastened.

For carrying very heavy loads, Mr. Ames has the spokes of his wheels set in two rows around the hub, but entering in one line in the felloes. In this manner the spokes brace each other, and always keep the wheel in the right shape. The men engaged in carrying stones from the granite quarries in Hallowell, Augusta, and other places, would find it greatly to their advantage to use wheels of this construction.

Yours, &c.

A SON OF THE PILGRIMS.

For the Maine Farmer.

Jupiter Cattle.

MR HOLMES:—At page 234 of the current volume of the Farmer, there is an article of "S. W.'s" headed Jupiter Cattle, which I suppose was intended as a reply to my communication, page — on the same subject.

What sort of a reply it is the public will judge.—He says I did not "even attempt" a refutation of his assertions. Was I in any way bound to do it? True I did not, and for this reason—I wished to know whether his assertions were correct. The subject of his first communication did really appear to me to be of considerable importance, and I presume it was so regarded by him, else I cannot see any propriety in giving it to the public. Thus viewing the subject, can any reasonable man wonder that I was anxious for an investigation, by which I might obtain a proper understanding of it, and ascertain what evidence existed in support of the conclusion which S. W. had drawn?

This, sir, was my object, and here is the reason why I propounded the queries which I did. Now, be candid, was not my object laudable? Was not the subject one on which the farming public had a right to expect an explanation? And I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, did I propose a single question to S. W. that was not pertinent and perfectly civil? When those assertions of his had been given to the public, had not the public, and I as one of them, a right to inquire into the correctness of them?

S. W. says that I made harsh remarks on his writing, and "catechised" him as though I thought he ought to "bow" to me, &c. I pronounce these forced and strained inferences, such as my remarks will not bear.

Again he says, "these things," meaning I suppose his assertions, "cannot be made plain by reason," because "we cannot make it more certain that the sun shines in a clear day by reason." Such a simile as this may satisfy S. W., but it will not satisfy others. Just look at it. The shining of the sun is something universally admitted, but his "ideas" on Jupiter Cattle are not, for I have heard many who have had experience with them, express different opinions,—and I can give their names if necessary. I have not said that S. W.'s "ideas" are incorrect, I only ask him whether he has any evidence of their correctness, and what that evidence is. It appears to me that EXPERIMENT, and close observation, are channels, and the only channels by which correct conclusions on such a subject can be drawn. So, therefore, I civilly enquired of Mr. S. W., what had been his experience and observations. But he refuses to give it, and only says he has had "experience enough" to satisfy him and his neighbors that his "ideas" are correct. Now what does all this amount to? S. W. has had "experience enough" to satisfy him and his neighbors—we don't know who they are, and what their "experience" was, or how much was "enough," or even whether they had any at all, for perhaps none at all was "enough" to "satisfy" them. Prejudice often satisfies people in this way. But why is it not proper that S. W. should tell others what this "experience" was, that they also may be "satisfied."

A man has undoubtedly a legal right to believe what he pleases, however absurd or unreasonable it be, provided he keeps it to himself; but he has no legal or moral right to attempt to infuse his opinions into the minds of others, unless he offer evidence that their adoption will be beneficial. And he ought especially to be doubly cautious and careful that his assertions should be such as will conduce to the public good, when it so happens at the same time, that they are of such a character, as will, so far as they are credited, inevitably produce individual injury.—Now the fact is, in relation to S. W.'s remarks on Jupiter Cattle, if they have any effect at all, it will certainly be to injure those who breed and rear these cattle for sale; and he cannot possibly be justified in producing this injury, unless he produces a paramount benefit—and as the injury is certain, (that is, admitting the effect,) and the benefit uncertain, it seems to me that there ought to be strong testimony adduced by him before his "ideas" are admitted. When this testimony shall be given I will say amen.

With regard to the refutation of S. W.'s "ideas," which he says if incorrect he hoped to see in the Farmer, I would observe, that I think the duty of proof lies wholly with him. If a man makes an assertion, is he not always bound to prove it? If he is not, there would be no end to injurious and groundless statements, and no correction for the evil. A man may make innumerable assertions, of

the truth of which there may not be the least evidence, and still safely defy all proof to the contrary. It is generally considered improper to require negative proof.

I once heard a man say that he had a joint of the back-bone of the whale that swallowed Jonah! pointing at the same time to a huge bone. I asked where is the proof of that? He replied, "I make the assertion, sir, and defy you or any one else to prove to the contrary." This furnishes one example of the absurdity of such a practice.

I have been thus far contending with an unknown foe—one who, screened and covered in the shades of obscurity, launches at me, with deliberate aim, his sarcastic shafts, while I stand exposed to full view in the open field. But the consciousness of a perfect right to the ground I occupy is a sufficient safe-guard, and S. W. is, *entirely mistaken* in the supposition that his arrows have injured me.

But seriously, I do not know and cannot even conjecture who S. W. is. I think, however, that he ought to give his proper name. If a man makes such statements before the public as he has made, I think he ought not to screen himself from the responsibility.

SANFORD HOWARD.

For the Maine Farmer.

Harvesting Corn.

MR. HOLMES:—In the 35th No. of your paper I observe you have given us some of your views on the subject of harvesting corn. I very readily join with you in condemning the practice "of merely picking the ears, and letting the rest of the stalk stand—turning in the cattle to glean up what they wish, and to trample down the remainder;" and I believe the method you recommend, of "cutting up the whole, husking the corn and carefully laying away the husks until winter," is right in the end, but it is a wrong way of coming at it. I was so well pleased with the course I pursued last year in harvesting my corn, that I am induced to lay the plan before you, and to have you lay it before the public if you choose. I do not claim to have made any important discovery, for the same course has been pursued by some farmers a long time, though it has not been generally adopted. It is to husk the corn in the field, from the hill, put it in the cart, haul it to the place where it is to be deposited, sort it and put it away; then to cut the stalks and haul them to the barn, & pitch them from the cart to the mow.

The advantages of this method I conceive to be this: first, two men with a large basket to carry between the rows, each taking one row, will husk at least twenty five per cent more than they can in the same time sitting at a pile of corn in the barn; and secondly, the stalks are taken from the cart to the mow with much less labor than they can be from the barn floor. If the stalks are to be put high in the barn, it would be an improvement to bind them with rye straw or some other bands; and perhaps it would be as well in any case, they are so much easier handled when bound. Some will object to this manner of harvesting because they say, they can husk their corn in the evening, without interfering with other business. I answer, that a man can in this way harvest as much, and get his corn and stalks in the places assigned for them, in the same number of days, as he can in the old way by working three hours every evening in addition. I would rather spend my evenings in reading newspapers, or any thing else in which there is the least probability of benefitting myself, or any of my fellow creatures, than waste them. The saving of labor in the whole is at least one fourth. I wish farmers to try it and satisfy themselves.

Winthrop, Oct. 5, 1835.

N. FOSTER.

Mr. Brooks' Letters. No. 9.

From the Portland Advertiser.
THINGS IN ENGLAND.

YORK, June 11, 1835.

I am now in what was once the Northern Metropolis of England,—where the Barbarian and the

Roman have had alternate sway,—where the Roman standard has been planted, and the Roman Emperor has lived, and where the feudal Lord has summoned his vassals and his *villains* for watchful contest. The dead of many centuries here lie commingled. Britain, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Pict, Scot and Norman have had here divided sway.—The blood that has been spilt in battle around its walls for their possession, would flood this little river Ouse, that now runs through the city. Who would have thought, that this now at best but an ugly town, with many shabby houses and narrow streets could ever have been thus erected, thus made a Roman capital, as it was, vying so much in splendor with "the lone mother of Empires" on the Tiber, as to be titled *Altera Roma*? A Roman Palatium was here—here yet are Roman tumuli that even time cannot tumble down, and the ruins of Roman Towers and Roman Walls:—and here too, were temples for Roman Idols; and Bellona, and Woden and Thor, were worshipped long before the Christian God was known in the aisles of the towering and massy Cathedral before me.

I left London on the 15th, after but a short tarry. The heat and smoke together were far too much for me, after I had so long been breathing the pure air of the ocean, and I therefore determined to make my trip into the country in the company of a friend from Connecticut. I left London in a Steam Boat for Hull, in the early morning, when perhaps for the only hour, there is silence in this vast den of human beings—a silence then unbroken save by the degraded woman returning from her revelries, or the start of a solitary Cab-man who is slumbering on his post, seeking, watching for early employ. The streets then are empty. A wandering policeman in his dark uniform, may be seen, or an early rising news-monger,—but one feels as if he were in a vast charnal-house, and that the few moving spirits were but the spirits of the dead. After riding near three miles in a Cab towards the Steam Boat, a boatman with his ticklish wherry, skilfully twirling himself in the tide, landed us safely on the Boat then fastened to buoys in the stream,—fastened as almost all vessels are here,—which seldom or never are on the banks of the river, but fastened in ranks side by side, bow and stern, to buoys fixed fast in the river, so that there is a free passage on either side of them. This is necessary to preserve order amid such fleets, else in such narrow navigation, there would be no passing at all. The Tower was in our sight, and we passed this ancient home of the kings, and the more modern Prison of free-men. Anon the famous London docks were in view,—those immense reservoirs of water made for the reception of whole fleets of ships—and then every form and variety of building,—every form and variety of water craft too,—one thick confusion of Commerce, as if the trade of the whole world was clustered here. I cannot understand the art of such various navigation as this. We wind snake-like in mysterious contortions. We turn and return—dodge and pause—& yet we are safe, and all is safe about us, though the wake of the boat, and the swash of the paddles produce a wild disturbance of the water. The best whip "could not guide his horse more skilfully,—and were a pilot not thoroughly acquainted with his art, he would smash to pieces half of the craft in the river, and himself with them. As we went down, there seemed for miles to be but a succession of buildings and shipping. Many of the quick and light steamboats that ply on the Thames passed us, moving at a rate yet more rapid than we moved, in spite of the law and the fine, for they make up in the increase of passengers what they lose in fines. Some of the boats were well built, and pretty for such a navigation. Among them was one called the Sylph, of a sylph-like form and painted in a sylph-like manner; but, generally speaking, they would not compare with ours in neatness or beauty, employed for like purposes, dark, black monsters as they were, saturated with smoke and grease.

I was right glad to be free from the smoke and heat of London, so smoky, that your bed room in the morning was full of it, and in so heavy an atmosphere, that the soot of the chimnies will blacken your shirt collar as if you had been living in a coal-pen,—so hot too, that New Orleans would almost lose her patent right for hot weather, (a very unusual circumstance however, and one which the inhabitants so mourned over as to show they had never felt much of the like.) I was right glad once more to see the phosphoretic foaming of the salt

water, and to breathe the ocean-air as we neared the mouth of the Thames. But even there vessels were thick, almost as thick as ever,—and when they were anchored—as they were not anchored in rows or in any order, but in the common way, the navigation, (say at Gravesend) was more difficult than ever. At last we were off in the German ocean, and incident was over, save that in one of the thick fogs for which the English coast is so remarkable, we passed a large English frigate in tow of a large Steam ship bound for some southern port. In thirty four hours from London we were in the Humber passing up a not very interesting shore toward Hull or Kingston on Hull,—uninteresting, save the wind mills, which stretched in lines along the banks of the rivers, and the steam boats which were humerous even here. I did not stop at Hull, we could not contract with the tide for a halt. An election for a member of Parliament was going on here,—and some of the boatmen, who came off to us, were cursing some great man for "turning blue,"—blue being the insignia of one of the great parties here, as yet I don't know which, and as yet I won't inquire, for I now pass for a John Bull,—and if I make such an inquiry, displaying such ignorance on such an important matter, forthwith I shall be set down as a foreigner. But turning blue has something monstrous in the boatman's eyes, though turning blue here is evidently a different thing from the turning blue of America. Hull has a dock too, and some American trade, to say nothing of the whale fishery it carries on, in which it excels any other place in England. But Hull was soon out of our sight, and by dark we were at a place in the river Ouse called Goole,—a little town just springing up with a dock too, and many warehouses on the bank of the river. The next morning, we left Goole in another steamer, and were going yet further up the Ouse. Here the river began to be so narrow, that an American would hardly think it navigable, and indeed it would not be even to an Englishman, were it not for the strong tide. But the river was full of vessels of all descriptions, many as mere river vessels trading to and from Hull curiously constructed. Soon we came to Selby, a town of some importance, whence there is a Rail Road from the Ouse to the manufacturing town of Leeds, whence there is a canal to Liverpool, thus connecting the North sea with the Irish sea—Hull with Liverpool. By and by a Rail Road will be completed—now under way—to connect Newcastle with Carlisle—the Tyne with the Solway Frith. Thus in the way of Rail Roads, the English are "progressing"—but of them now young as we are, we probably have ten miles or more to their one already made, and fifty miles to their one under way, or at least, under contemplation. The scenery—the landscapes all along the banks of this little river, are very beautiful. Highly cultivated and highly adorned, are the lands, not so much to be sure as in other parts of England, but quite enough to please an American eye. We met parties of pleasure in other Steam boats, with music and flags—as happy on this little rivulet as it they were on the magnificent Hudson. Meandering and crooked enough, even rivalling the Raritan, was the river the more we ascended,—now running us backwards, and now shoving vessels more forward, than we, yet behind us. Some miles below York, there is a lock on the Ouse to keep the water in, so as to make it navigable for boats and little steamers. Anon the lofty towers of the far-famed York Minster were in view, starting, as it were, from the earth to the heavens. Soon we passed the Bishopthorpe Palace, which is quite on the banks of the Ouse,—an edifice built about the year 1230, now belonging to the see of York, with pleasure grounds and all other accompaniments of a palace. In a few minutes, the beautiful promenade on the banks of the Ouse near the city of York itself, and open to all its citizens, was at the side of our steamer. What a praise-worthy taste this is of the English, this love of trees, and flowers, and walks! Here are long rows of lofty elms trained over a walk, and with their luxuriant foliage forming an avenue that much resembles the long vista of a Cathedral, all open to all the people—planted by their ancestors for them, just a century ago. We passed Clifford's tower, the work of William the Conqueror in 1068 standing upon a mound thought to be the artificial work of the Roman. Here is an idea of antiquity for Clifford's Tower is naught but an interesting ruin.

(To be Continued.)

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Genesee Farmer.

Edinburgh Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.

From an article on the uses and (agricultural) management of Heath (*Erica vulgaris*?) by William Hogg, we copy a paragraph which will prove interesting to the lovers of Natural History.

"Moor-fowl have their permanent residence only where Heath prevails.—I have often pitied them in their exertions to defend their nests from the corbie-crow and other relentless plunderers; but as they are not fitted by nature for a state of warfare, they are by no means a match either for the hawk or the corbie. I have often seen these ravenous birds in the act of spoliation;—one case I cannot help here relating: A crow was attempting to rob a nest of its eggs. The moor-cock with great clamor, attacked her in the air, knowing no doubt what was her design. I saw the crow cared neither for his noise nor his attack. After sundry rencounters the crow darted down upon the nest, and the hen left it with a loud scream. They both then set upon the crow, when the latter, finding she could not get the eggs sucked with that deliberation and leisure which gives a feast its due relish, flew over the heath, and I thought she was going to relinquish the design as impracticable. I was mistaken. She returned in a short time with another crow, and I then saw they would immediately carry their point. The cock came in contact with one of the crows in the air; the crow had clasped him her talons, and when she loosened her hold, the moor-fowl fell straight to the ground. I thought he was killed; and ran to see what method of destruction the crow had so instantaneously inflicted. He was not dead, but cowering among the roots of the long heath, and was sore hurt by closing with his antagonist in the air. When I approached he took to the wing; but I saw his feathers were much disordered. Both parties left the spot, and when I left it, I saw the crows return, and without further molestation they no doubt accomplished their design. I have often relieved the grouse in the same manner; but it was always only a temporary delay to the calamity; for as soon as the nest is discovered, these ravenous birds never give up their design till it is pillaged."

We continue our extracts from the Edinburgh Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.

On Steaming Food for Horses.

An engraving on wood representing an apparatus for steaming with a close boiler is given, which we omit for the present: and only select such parts of the article as relate to the general principles and advantages of preparing food in this manner for live stock.

"It has been ascertained, though perhaps not generally known, that grain of any kind cannot be dressed or cooked by dry steam applied to the dry grain. If the steam is at a low pressure, or a little above atmospheric, a species of parching is produced on the grain so treated; and if steam of very light pressure is applied, the grain may be entirely carbonized. An intermediate and very simple process has however been found, whereby grain of any sort can be completely boiled, which is done by soaking the grain in water for a period of from six to twelve hours, according to its state of dryness; and then placing it in the receiver described for steaming roots, and applying them for an hour, the grain will come out completely boiled. From this it may be inferred, that each grain becomes a little cauldron, containing as much absorbed water as serves to boil it by the application of steam; but whatever be the rationale of it, we are thus provided with a simple and efficient steaming and boiling apparatus applicable alike to the cooking of juicy roots or tubers, and dry grains."

"That horses on a farm may be kept more economically on prepared food than in the state and manner in which food is usually administered to them I have no doubt. The fact however, will soon be ascertained in consequence of the premium which the Highland Society has just now announced on the subject. The results of the experiments which some farmers will make, will we fondly anticipate, prove the facility of preparing food, and economy in the use of it. We have the authority of the owners of some of the coaching and

posting establishments in Edinburgh, for stating that the saving which will arise from the use of prepared food, in the keep of forty horses, will amount to 140*l.* a year. We have also the high authority of Mr. Dick, the Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Edinburgh, for saying that the general health of horses under work, is much better on prepared than unprepared food.

"It is obvious, says Mr. Dick, the grand desideratum is to give food containing as much nutriment, and in as small bulk, as is consistent with the economy of the animal. If this problem is solved, it will follow, as a corollary, that it will be important to give that food which has been found best suited to its proportions, in such a state as is best suited for digestion. This is a point however, worthy of consideration; and naturally suggests the question, How is the body supplied with nourishment in taking food into the stomach? The common notion is, that much depends, as I have indeed before mentioned, on the hardness of the food; and it is a common saying, in order to show off a horse which is in condition, 'that he has plenty of hard meat in him.' Now this is a very silly and erroneous idea, if we inquire into it; for, whatever may be the consistency of the food which is taken into the stomach, it must, before the body can possibly derive any substantial support or benefit from it, be converted into chyme—a pulaceous mass; and this as it passes onwards from the stomach into the intestinal canal, is rendered still more fluid, by the admixture of the secretions from the stomach, the liver, and the pancreas, when it becomes of a milky appearance, and is called chyle. It is then taken into the system by the lacteals; and in this fluid, this soft state, and in this state only, mixes with the blood, and passes through the circulating vessels for the nourishment of the system.

"Now if the hardest of the food must in this manner be broken down and dissolved before it can really enter into the system, it must appear evident that something approaching to this solution, if done artificially, would greatly aid the organs of digestion in this process, and that thereby much exertion might be saved to the system, and at the same time nourishment would be rapidly conveyed into it. It is with this view that I would recommend the general adoption of cooking food for horses."

Smut in Wheat.

The following extract from an article in the New York Farmer of 1831, by one of the correspondents of that paper, will show the necessity of guarding carefully against every means by which seed wheat can become infected with this disease. Results similar to this are frequently witnessed.

"A neighbor of mine, having purchased some very excellent seed wheat, the same was delivered in the farmer's bags of whom he had bought the wheat, with a promise that he the purchaser, would return the bags immediately after the grain was sown or deposited in the drill. My neighbor complied with this request, and having drilled about half the quantity, from those bags in which he had received the wheat, he took opportunity on the following day, which day had been very wet and unfavorable for drilling the remainder, to empty those bags, in order that they might be returned. Thus was this excellent, clean, and till then unadulterated seed wheat, put into his (the purchaser's) own bags, which before had contained some very foul and diseased smutty wheat, as he, together with his farm servants, acknowledged the fact. On the third day the remainder of the wheat was drilled on the same soil, and in the same field, but not from the clean bags of the seed wheat.

"Now, mark the result at harvest. The clean seed wheat, which had been emptied into the farmer's own filthy smutty bags, produced about one twentieth part of smutty ears; whereas, from the former day's drilling, not a single ear of smutty wheat could be found."

From the Genesee Farmer.

Mammoth Cheese.

We are informed that Col. Thomas S. Meacham of Richland, Oswego county, who keeps 154 cows and has made this season 300 cheese weighing 125 lbs. each, has made one weighing FOURTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS, which he intends to present to the President of the United States. He has also made several, weighing EIGHT HUNDRED

POUNDS each, one of which he intends for the Vice President, one for Gov. Marcy, and one for each of the cities of New York, Albany, Troy and Rochester.

From the Baltimore Farmer & Gardener.

Liming in Lehigh.

In speaking more particularly of Lehigh county, it may be assumed, that the introduction of the use of lime in farming, and the culture of clover about 20 years ago, wrought a most salutary revolution, and saved the second and third rate lands from being deserted for the far west. Even since that period agriculture is rising. Every summer adds to the number of solid and capacious barns, and old ones are enlarged. A considerable part of the country, especially on the borders of the Lehigh and its tributaries, is limestone land, but the trouble and expense of carting the stones the distance of 14 miles is not thought too much, thus almost the whole of our county is provided with this commodity. As soon as winter sets in, or as often as during summer the other farm operations are suspended, the quarries present a lively scene, and wagons or sledges are seen toiling along up and down through the country, broken and hilly as it is in many parts. The consequence is that you see beautiful farms not only in hollow lands, but in situations where you never would look for them, on the tops of the mountains as well as on their declivities. Wheat however is not the only staple article; we produce a great quantity of rye for sale and home consumption, for man and beast; for be it remembered we eat rye bread in preference, even when we have both sorts on the table. The effect of lime upon rye land is quick and immediate, hence whoever is improving his land begins with rye. On the Lehigh land quarried limestones are sold at the quarries for 25 cents per ton. In other sections, the common way is for farmers to do all the labor themselves and pay to the owner of the quarry 6 cents for every ten bushels of quicklime they draw from the kiln, or to engage hands paying to them from 1 to 1 1-2 cents per bushel of quicklime, the hands to find their own tools and powder where necessary—this is in addition to the fees of the owner of the quarry. The work at the kiln to be done by the farmers. If you wish to buy quicklime you can have it deposited on the fields at ten cents per bushel and upwards, according to distances. We put from 40 to 60 bushels on the acre, repeating the operation every five years. From the time that stone coal from Mauch Chunk has been furnished in abundance along the Lehigh canal, and that its use in burning lime has been understood, agriculture has received a new start. Previously, the scarcity of fuel—though rather prospective than actual, operated as a check upon the universal use of lime. Now the coal is mixed with the lime stones, and no more wood is required but what is necessary to ignite the coal, which may be done with 1 or 1-2 cords, thus not only a mass of fuel is saved, but a great deal of hard labor—the coal when once fairly burning requiring no farther attendance.

Timothy is not much raised on dry land, as its effect upon the land is not so beneficial as that of clover. Common rotation, 1st. clover, 2d. Indian corn, 3d. oats or flax, and potatoes, manure, 4th. wheat, 5th and 6th, clover, 7th. wheat, without manure; 20 bushels of wheat—50 bushels of Indian corn, 2 tons of clover per acre, are good crops, though there are many instances of more having been produced. Average somewhat below this.

For the benefit of such as wish to sprout a few seeds of gama grass, let me add my recipe. Split the seed with a small chisel, put the kernel in a tumbler with sand, keep it moist, and in 3 days if the seeds are not covered too deeply, the grass appears. The splitting is easily done. The seed of gama grass is in the shape of a cylinder, on the surface of which you will observe a spheric triangle, two sides being formed by seams, and the third by the base of the seed, but the two sides or seams, one not quite connected with the base, make the connection with the chisel or knife, and the triangle will fall out like a trap door, the kernel adhering to it; take care not to separate it further, or injure it, which is very easy to avoid.

The Flower Garden.—To be kept neat, should have all dead flower stalks cut away—all annual plants which have passed their season of flowering, and are decaying, should be removed, and replaced

by sowing other later ones, or by transplanting them from the nursery bed, if such has been previously provided—tall flowering plants should be supported upright by sticks—and lawns and grass walks mown and raked clean.—*Genesee Farmer.*

From the Boston Pearl.

Whaling in the Pacific.

CHAPTER V.

Land in sight, and steered for. Mr Swain's last moments; his interesting conversation with Starbuck respecting a future state.—

Arrival at Woahoo. Crew obtained though with difficulty. Visited by many Chiefs, with their attendants; duties of the attendants. Intimacy of a Chief with the captain, and the present the former made the latter: the Captain's ecstasy at the honor conferred on him. The Captain's present, no present after all.—Sail for, and arrival at Japan; success in their dangerous enterprise. Unsightliness of the ship—the effect of continuance off Cape Horn. The whale season about over. A scene on deck—conversation of the watch—their fearful reminiscences. Object of terror discerned; proves to be a ship. Hailed by the Captain, and her strange replies. Conjectures of the Captain and his two mates, as to the vessel with the direful name. Captain Coffin all but resolves to board the suspicious ship; alters his mind, however, at the cautionary suggestions of his mate.

Square away, to get clear of the strange ship. A sail taken for the one they flee from. Chased by the sail. Captain Coffin's alarm, and his deliberations with his crew. Boat seen approaching.—Orders of the Captain to his men; their refusal to obey them.—Pussillanimity of the Captain. Boat alongside. Supplications of Captain Coffin for his life; his 'agreeable surprise.' The sail no pirate, but an honest craft, and commanded by an old acquaintance. Mutual gratulations, and inquiries about the ship that sent a bullet instead of a potato. Capt. Paddock alarmed in his turn. Further explanation. Apprehensions confirmed. Resolutions of the two Captains to return to port together.

On the ensuing morning the land was in sight, and Captain Coffin used his best endeavors to reach it.

At eight o'clock, Mr Swain sent for Starbuck. The youth started, as he fixed his eyes upon the pale and sunken countenance of his friend. A fearful change had taken place in Mr Swain during the night. His wounds had bled considerably, and the stamp of death was already upon his manly brow.

'Mr Swain, how do you feel yourself this morning?' said the youth.

'Death,' said Swain, 'has no terrors to a reflecting mind. The mere dissolution of the body—the finishing of our being on this earth—the return of these particles to the source from whence they originated—have in them nothing horrible or dismaying. But oh! Starbuck—what follows, after we have passed the dark gulph?—Into what new scenes may we be introduced? I regret that I had not thought more fully on this subject previous to the present time. I would have my mind made up—for doubt disquiets and puzzles at all times, and much more so, when we feel ourselves about to try the reality. I have long had serious doubts of the truth of the Christian Faith. If there is a future state, my case is desperate—if not, the prospect is cheerless and uncomfortable. What do you think, Starbuck?—Tell me your *real* opinion, for it is, perhaps, the last favor you will ever have it in your power to do me.'

'Indeed,' said Starbuck, 'I believe you are much better qualified to judge about these matters than I am; but I always believed as I was taught. I suppose that if you believe in Jesus Christ, you will be saved.'

'I think,' said Swain, 'that it savors too much of assurance for a man to believe that the God of Heaven came down to die and suffer for mere worms like us.—I think there is not much modesty in the sentiment.'

'As to that,'—said Starbuck, 'the goodness of God consists in his greatness; he is great because he is good, and he is more glorified in such an act of disinterested condescension and mercy, than he was in making the world.'

'But recollect,' said Swain with a sigh, 'there are millions of worlds—this Earth is a mere drop in the bucket. If God were to die for all the worlds which he has made, he must have more lives than a cat!'

Starbuck shuddered at the contemplation of a man on the eve of embarking for another world, and trifling with the name of that God whom he must so soon meet face to face.

'You seem shocked,' said Swain, observing him to start—'but reflect, we make use of blasphemous language frequently while in health, and in full possession of all our mental faculties. Should I now alter my course, you might justly charge me with hypocritical cowardice. But hold! my time is precious—I have not many minutes to remain with you, and I must use my time to the best advantage. You are acquainted with my Maria!'

'I am,' said Starbuck, brushing away a tear, 'and severe will be the shock when she learns that you have passed away.'

'Starbuck,' said Swain in a voice choked with emotion, 'when I am gone, sever a lock of hair from my head, and convey it safely to her. Tell her—no, no—what can you tell that she does not know already? If there is a Heaven, she will one day inhabit that glorious place, but I shall meet her no more!'

Starbuck covered his face with his hand, and was silent for a few moments. Swain spoke not, and he looked upon his friend. The silence of Swain was the silence of death! He had departed without hope—looking forward to the future, and endeavoring to penetrate the thick gloom which lay before him. Swain was buried on the Sandwich Islands.

Late in the afternoon, the General S. anchored under the Sugar-bowl hill, and early on the next morning a multitude of boats came out and towed her into the harbor.

A large number of whalers lay at anchor in this place, the crews of which heard the tale of disasters of the General S. with horror; and such was the prejudice generally imbibed against that ship, that Captain Coffin found it very difficult to ship a supply of hands. He succeeded, after much difficulty, in procuring several negroes, a couple of mutinous Englishmen, and four Kennackurs. He got a second mate from the Golden Farmer, of Nantucket, to supply the place of Mr Hussey; while Starbuck was made second mate in place of Swain.

The General S. lay several weeks in Woahoo; the ship was supplied with water, vegetables and boats.

When Captain Coffin first arrived in Woahoo, he was visited by a great number of chiefs, with their train of attendants. There was one who carried a chief's umbrella—another had charge of his pipe—a third held his tobacco pouch, and a fourth carried his rum bottle; and a number of others followed, whose business it was to scratch him, pat his body, finger his fat carcass, hold up his head when he eat, &c.

One chief of prodigious dimensions became very intimate with our captain, condescended to drink frequently at his expense, and one day presented Captain Coffin with a small pig. The captain could scarcely contain himself, when he became so highly honored as to receive a pig from a chief! He visited every ship in the harbor, boasted of his intimacy with people of quality, and told what a present he had received from a peer of the realm!

The next day, a servant of the chief came off to the ship, with a keg capable of holding about ten gallons, and asked Captain Coffin to fill it with sperm oil, as a trifling acknowledgement of the goodness of his master in giving him a pig for nothing! Captain Coffin looked thunderstruck; he filled the keg with oil, and sent it on shore, but never afterward was heard to boast of his intimacy with the Patricians; and begged his officers that hereafter they would 'say nothing about the pig.'

The ship was in readiness for attempting a campaign on Japan.

With her new crew, the General S. sailed out of the harbor, and made a short passage to the new whaling ground.

No incident deserving particular notice, occurred during her cruise on Japan. A number of fine whales were taken, and no less than seventeen hundred barrels of oil procured.

But now the beautiful ship is not so gay in her

appearance as she was when she first left the land which reared her timbers. Her sides are rusty and worm-eaten; her rigging is old and crazy, and her bottom encumbered with long grass and sea-shells.

The season is nearly over, and the monsoon gives warning of his approach; the winds howl around the weather-beaten bark, and the tempest and the storm warn the adventurers to depart, and leave them to their remorseless gambols.

I see the ship bowing like a reed before the blast, and saying to the winds, 'Pass over me!' With difficulty the sea-washed mariner climbs the steep deck, and the broad sail hideth his wings. And now the night is calm. Darkness hides the billow, all but the bright flash of broken waters.

The watch on deck, wrapped in their sea coats, lie huddled together upon the hatches. The bell strikes seven; they rouse themselves, and vainly try to penetrate the surrounding gloom. A conversation ensues, congenial with the dismal prospect around them; they talk of the horrors of that day, when the white whale sent so many passengers to the barge of Charon; they recapitulate the words of the incensed Captain—the ominous hesitation of Hussey—the expressions of the dying Swain. They speak of the crash of the waist-boat—the blood which flowed around the spot—the cries of the slain—the fitful glare of the mate's eyes, and the last yell which he uttered, as he sunk into the deep!

'I should not wonder,' said one of the Englishmen, 'if Hussey should walk after death.'

'If he does,' said one of the boys, 'he will haunt the Captain.'

'Oh God! Oh God!' cried one of the negroes, suddenly—'What's that! what's that!'

All hands arose, and looking ahead of the ship, beheld a large white object, resembling a gigantic figure arrayed in snowy garments, which waved to and fro.

A cry of amazement burst from each spectator, and the mate walked forward, to inquire into the cause of the outcry. The object was pointed out to him. The darkness prevented him from seeing it distinctly, but he imagined it was a supernatural appearance. He ran down into the cabin, and called the Captain. By this time, all the watch had made their debut upon the fore-castle. The captain and mate soon joined the crew, and there they stood trembling, and wondering what these things could mean. Their doubts were soon solved when a loud shrill voice cried out 'Hurra!'

'It's a ship,' said the Captain—'Bring the trumpet.' The trumpet was brought, and Captain Coffin made answer.

'What ship is that, pray?' asked the other Captain.

'This is the General S.'—replied Captain Coffin—'What ship is that?'

A long pause ensued, and a number of voices were distinctly heard in earnest consultation on board the strange vessel.

'What ship is that?' asked Captain Coffin again.

'The Ark of Blood,' cried the other captain, 'commanded by the Demon of the Waters!'

'Where are you from?' cried Captain Coffin.

'You are—inquisitive,' replied the other. 'I am, like Lucifer, fallen from Glory, and bound to Despair!'

Astonished at such singular replies, Captain Coffin knew not what to say. The moon burst through a broken cloud, and threw her silvery light upon the strange vessel. She was certainly a whale ship; her boats were in full sight. The mate said he supposed the Captain of her was drunk, or perhaps he was amusing himself with a joke.

'It may be a joke,' said Starbuck, 'but it is a very rough one. Methinks I knew the voice of the man who hails, but if he has attained to the command of a ship, his promotion must have been very sudden.'

'I will hail him again,' said the persevering captain; and, putting the trumpet to his mouth, he called out:—'Have you any potatoes? The few which I have remaining are not fit to eat—they are as soft as mush.'

'I'll send you a hard one,' cried the other—and the flash of a pistol was seen illuminating the black side of the strange ship, when a ball whizzed past the captain's ear and lodged in the foremast.

'Mr Starbuck,' said the Captain, 'if you know that man who is hailing yonder, and who has fired that pistol, tell me his name, and I will prosecute

him when we get home.'

'If he is the man,' replied Starbuck, 'whom I take him to be, you will never see him at home. But I am not allowed to express my opinion at this time, as the character of one is at stake, who never yet sullied his name with infamy. Should it be the person whom I suspected—perhaps wrongfully—we shall hear the news ere long; if I am mistaken, 'tis unjust that an innocent man should be suspected.'

Captain Coffin retired, but the ship's company, alarmed at these singular events, remained upon deck all night.

A light breeze sprung up towards morning, and at daylight the strange ship was half a mile from the General S. She was painted black from stem to stern; her rigging was in tolerable order, and her sails trimmed to advantage. With the spy-glass, Captain Coffin could discern the men upon her necks, moving about with glittering weapons; and one short but athletic person was seen walking the quarter-deck with a naked sword at his side.

'It is very mysterious,' said Captain Coffin, 'I can form no idea of it. I think the crew have mutinied and taken possession of one of our whale-ships.'

'You will get no potatoes,' said the first mate.

'I want none—I want none,' said the Captain quickly, but soon rejoined, 'I've a good mind to get up our muskets, and go on board of her.'

'I think,' replied the mate, 'you had better make a child's bargain with them, and agree that if they will let you alone, you will do the same by them.'

Captain Coffin had suffered once by despising the prudent advice of his mate, and felt no disposition to risk a second adventure of the kind. He wisely decided that a black ship might prove as bad as a white whale.

The two ships kept each other company, until about 11, A. M., when Captain Coffin thought best to have off, as the idea of spending another night in anxiety and inquietude, was not very agreeable. He squared away to the eastward; the other vessel kept her course.

At sundown, the stranger was just visible in the horizon. A fine breeze cooled the nocturnal atmosphere—and as the captain crowded all sail, he concluded that he should see no more of the uncourteous black one.—But, behold! with the dawn of day, returned his terrors. A ship was observed at a few miles distance, bearing down upon the General S., under a crowd of canvass.—

'Loose the royals!—Get up the studding sails!—The mutineers are after us!—Bear-a-hand! or we shall be all sacrificed to their vengeance! They come reeking in the blood of their victims, to mingle our groans with the death-shrieks of their own officers!'

In vain rag after rag was hung upon the struggling mast! the foe gained upon them every moment, and with a purpose steady as death, shaped her course for the devoted whaler.

'What shall we do?' said the captain.

'We have muskets,' said the mate; 'let us stand by, to give them one volley, and then use our harpoons and lances.'

But now the breeze dies away, and a two knot zephyr fails to keep the canvass extended. The chase is, however, continued until about ten, A. M. when the captain discerned, by the help of his glass, a boat plied with oar and sail, approaching rapidly.

'They have put off with their boats,' cried the captain—'they are coming to board us. Stand by, men, with your muskets and lances. Don't fire until I tell you.—Fire once—then throw down your muskets, and set upon them with the lance!'

'The boat is now within a cable's length.'

'Stand by to fire!' cried the Captain. 'I'll not fire, said one of the Englishmen, throwing away his musket. 'Nor I,' said the other. 'Those fellows are in the right of it—I glory in them.' The negroes also fell back, and refused to fire upon the mutineers.

'Oh men! men! cried Captain Coffin, bursting into tears, 'don't desert me now; save your Captain's life, and I'll reward you handsomely!'

'Yes, yes, I know you will,' said one of the Englishmen; 'but we'll reward you first—we'll stretch your neck!'

Captain Coffin now gave up in despair, and resolved to throw himself upon the mercy of the mutineers.

The boat came alongside; the chief mate stepped on deck. Ere he had spoken, Captain Coffin ran to him, and cried, 'Whatever you do, spare my life, for I've a wife and family at home—Oh, don't kill me! don't kill me!'

'Kill thee, Shubael! O no, I hope not; but why dost thou judge so rashly of me?' answered the other.

The captain looked at him, and what should he see but the honest countenance of old Captain Jonah Paddock, who commanded the Lyra, of New Bedford, and who had thus pursued the General S., in the hope of speaking the ship, and getting some news from his family!

Mutual congratulations passed on all sides, and ere Captain Coffin could relate the history of his adventure with the mutineers, Captain Paddock asked him if he had seen anything of the ship Globe, of Nantucket. 'I parted company with her the other night,' said Captain Paddock 'in a very singular manner. Captain Worth had agreed to keep with me some time; but about two o'clock in the morning he suddenly made all sail, and ran off before the wind; and at daylight was not to be seen from our mast-head.'

'Was not Samuel Hartwell in the Globe?' inquired Mr Starbuck.

'He steered the mate's boat,' replied Captain Paddock.

'It was Hartwell who hailed us night before last,—rejoined Starbuck; 'I should know his voice from a thousand.'

'Then Thomas Worth is dead!' exclaimed Captain Coffin—'and all his officers.'

'How!' cried Captain Paddock, seizing his arm, 'what does all this mean? I am confused; something has happened; what are all those muskets and lances strewed about the deck for?'

Captain Coffin asked Paddock into the cabin, and there explained to him all that had happened. Capt. P. was thunderstruck; he sent for his boat-steerer. 'Cartwright,' said he, when the young man appeared,—'you recollect that on the night when we parted company with the Globe, I was on board of her, and you were with me. Did you observe anything unusual in the deportment of the ship's company?'

'No, sir—nothing,' answered the other.

'Well,' rejoined his Captain, 'we have reason to believe that the crew have mutinied—that Captain Worth is killed, and that —'

'Oh, I do now recollect one thing,' interrupted Cartwright. Just as the sun was setting, I and several others were standing on the fore-castle, and talking to Hartwell, who was putting a strand into the fore-sheet, when somebody remarked that the clouds looked very beautiful in the horizon, illumined by the declining sun.—Hartwell started up, and looking for a moment at the scene, said, 'That puts me in mind of the words of an ancient General, the evening before a battle, who looking at the sun as it went down said: 'How many who look upon yon setting sun, will never see it rise again!'

The Captains were now well satisfied as to the fact that a bloody mutiny had been perpetrated on board the Globe, and that she had been painted black to disguise her. They agreed to keep each other company for a few days, and, as the season was spent, to leave the ground immediately, and sail for California.

Summary.

Day & Martin's Blacking.

The following is said to be the true recipe for Day & Martin's Blacking. Ivory black 2 lbs. Olive oil 1 ounce—oil of vitriol 1-2 ounce—loaf sugar 1 pound—vinegar 1 gallon. Mix and let stand three days—stir often and keep it from the air.

COOKING STOVES.—If economy or convenience are to be regarded in the kitchen, we know of no good reason why every family should not procure a cooking stove. An experience of three years, makes us feel safe in recommending them. We know that those first in use hereabouts some years ago, fell into disrepute; not being well contrived. Time has produced great improvements in the patterns. We can speak favorably of James' patent—others, however, may be as good, perhaps better. This idea of warming all out doors by a great fire

place carrying the heat out of the top of the house into the heavens, is not a very economical one especially in this cold country, where fuel has become such a capital item in family expenses. Stoves, unquestionably, save a great deal of wood. Nor is this all; they save much female strength, which over a fire place has to be exerted over heavy pots and kettles. Moreover they are much more comfortable to cook over than a blazing fire. And they are always ready for the reception of your potatoes, cakes, pies, meats &c. As for the idea, that they are unhealthy, we regard this as a mere prejudice. A room with a stove can be as well ventilated, as one without it; nay better, for whatever draft of air you may desire, can be enjoyed without the danger of smoke. Indeed, a cooking stove is a pretty effectual cure for 'smoking houses and scolding wives.'—*Gospel Banner.*

Cattle Show and Fair.—The annual Fair and Show of the Penobscot Agricultural Society was held, according to previous appointment, at Corinth on Wednesday, Sept. 30. Owing to the very unfavorable state of the weather, it was not so numerously attended as was anticipated. A goodly number, however, of the hardy yeomanry of Penobscot "the bone and muscle" of the land, regardless of a "little wet," were on the spot with good specimens of stock and the products of their labors. We understand that the different kinds of stock presented for premiums and examination, were of a high order, and gave an earnest that the attention of our farmers was steadily directed towards the rearing and improvement of the breed. We have only received a list of the premiums awarded by the Committee on Manufactures and Agricultural Implements, which is as follows:—

BUTTER.—Best, not less than 40lbs., to Saml. W. Knight of Garland, \$2.50; second best, to Seba French of Dexter, 1.50; third best, to Wm. Peabody of Corinth, 1.00. Best, not less than 25lbs., to James Tilton of Levant, 2.00; second best, to Herman S. Jackson of Corinth, 1.50.

CHEESE.—Best, not less than 50lbs., to Amasa Stetson of Stetson, \$2.50; second best, to Seba French of Dexter, 1.50. Best, not less than 30lbs., to Wm. Peabody of Corinth, 2.00; second best, to Saml. W. Knight of Garland, 1.50; third best, to Henry H. Snow of Atkinson, 1.00.

For the best sword plough, O. Oakman of Corinth, \$3.00; ox yoke, Isaac Watson of Dutton, 2.00; instrument for cutting bushes, A. Howard of Bangor, 1.00.

The following premiums were awarded for articles not on the regular list, viz.—For six sides of sole leather, to Mark Fisher of Levant, \$2.00; a curd mill, to Wm. Peabody of Corinth, 50; a broad axe, two narrow do., a chisel, and a post augur, to A. Howard of Bangor, 4.00; four wash tubs, to Chandler Eastman of Exeter, 50; one lace veil, to Nancy F. Crane of Levant, 1.00; one coverlid, to Mrs. James Robinson of Corinth, 1.00; cocoons and sewing silk, to Benj. Shaw of Newport, 2.00.

We hope to be able next week, to have some reports of the Committees to lay before our readers. *Mechanic & Farmer.*

Accident.—We understand that the Eastern stage in coming from Kennebec to this place on Tuesday, was upset a few miles beyond Brunswick village, and that Dr. Babcock, President of Waterville College, who was one of the passengers was seriously injured, having his collar bone broken. He is now at Brunswick.—*Portland Courier.*

A statistical article in a late number of the Albany Argus shows that the trade on the New York Canals is still largely on the increase. A comparison of the aggregate of tolls received up to the 31st Aug. during the present year, and up to the same date of the preceeding year, proves that the amount of merchandize transported, both ways, has increased fifty per cent and it is ascertained that this past increase is drawn from regions of country beyond the bounds of the State of New York.

Arkansas.—This Territory, as well as Michigan, will probably take the necessary steps for an admission into the Union, at the next session of Congress. The population of Arkansas is already more than enough to entitle her to an independent place in the confederacy.

The National Intelligencer states that the Board

for the settlement of the French Claims, commenced their session at Washington on Monday, and will close their labors about the 1st of January.

Handsome Reward. The officers of three of the Banks at New Orleans have united in offering a reward of \$2,000 for the apprehension of James M. Crosby, late a dealer in china and glass ware in that city, who has absconded after committing extensive forgeries.

YORK POTATOE. Samuel Page, Esq. of Readfield, raised from one Potatoe weighing less than a half pound, 27 1-2 lbs. this season.

We copy the following terrific story from the Cincinnati Evening Post, shrewdly suspecting, however, that it originated somewhere near the Cape of Good Hope:—

Duel Extraordinary.—A lieutenant in the navy while ascending the river in a steamboat became involved in a quarrel with three persons from Arkansas, two of them brothers. He was challenged by one of the brothers, and endeavored to 'back out,' but the other party insisted upon a fight and a gentleman volunteering to be second for the officer, they went on shore to settle their difference. At the first fire the lieutenant received his adversary's ball in his hip, and asked if he was satisfied, to which his antagonist replied, 'no, not until one of us is killed.' They took another shot and the lieutenant's adversary fell dead. His brother then insisted on a fight, which the second of the officer endeavored in vain to prevent. They fired, and the other brother was shot dead.—The second of the deceased becoming enraged with the lieutenant's second, shot and killed him, and was in his turn shot dead by the lieutenant, who was conveyed from the field much exhausted by loss of blood, and is now at Louisville, recovering, under the care of his physicians. Thus four men were left dead upon the field. We give the above as we heard it from a respectable source, but forbear to mention the names of the parties, as no good can result from it, and we presume their relatives have already been advised of their fate.

Apprentices.—A case was tried in this town, in the Supreme Court, which is of considerable importance to masters and apprentices. The action was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant for enticing away and employing an indebted apprentice—which was clearly proved. The Judge, Mr. Emery, in charging the Jury, stated clearly and eloquently, the law on the subject, and the necessity to society, of apprentices being steady and faithful to their masters, and that the latter should discountenance every encouragement of apprentices being disobedient and refractory, by refusing them employment. We understood the Judge to say, that masters were liable for damages, when they employed or harbored run-away apprentices, whether bound or not, if it could be proved they left their employers without good and sufficient cause. The Jury in the above case awarded the plaintiff \$125 damages.—*Wiscasset Intelligencer.*

Destructive Fire in New York.—On Wednesday evening, between nine and ten o'clock, a fire broke out in a stable in Washington street, between Hammersly and King streets, and in a short time communicated to and destroyed the extensive packing establishment of James Lowere. A large distillery in King street was partially destroyed, together with a quantity of machinery and a number of out buildings. A wooden building on the corner of West and Hammersly streets, occupied as a grocery, with part of its contents,—and also a two story brick front dwelling house, corner of Washington and Hammersly streets, were also destroyed. The two packing establishments on the north side of Hammersly street, were slightly injured. A number of sheds and stables were entirely destroyed. The whole loss of property is estimated at not less than \$50,000—the greater portion of which, however, was insured.

Bunker Hill Monument.—It is gratifying to observe the progress which has been made the past season in the erection of this monument. Thirteen courses of stone, 2 ft. 8 in. have been laid since May, making 26 courses above the surface, giving it a present height of 69 feet. Even now it towers above the surrounding buildings and spires of the

town, and is to be observed from a considerable distance in its growing majesty. The work has progressed with regularity and quietness, under the direction of Mr. Willard the architect; and we hope another season will enable him to complete it. A handsome public street, leading directly to it, will be very much needed.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

Jackson, the murderer, is sentenced to be hung on the 19th day of November next. In answer to the interrogatory by the Clerk, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him, he said, in a low, tremulous voice, "I don't know that it is of much use for me to say anything, but she" pointing to Mrs. Shultz, "has been the cause of it all." He appeared in rather a melancholy mood, and betrayed a sorrowful countenance.—*N. Y. Jeffersonian.*

Marriages.

In Cumberland, 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Weston, Hon. Thomas Davee, of Blanchard, Sheriff of Somerset, to Miss Theresa V. Blanchard, of Cumberland.

In Gardiner, Mr. Cyrus Bran to Miss Nancy Wyers.

In Marion Co. (Miss.) Mr. Henry Heninger, aged 104, to Miss Eliza A. Peck, aged 83.

Deaths.

In Portland, Miss Eliza Thompson, aged 21.

In Bangor, Mr. Henry Jones, aged 55, formerly of Turner.

In South Kingston, R. I. while sitting in his chair, Hon. Elish R. Potter, a Member of the Legislature of Rhode Island, and for many years a member of Congress.

BRIGHTON MARKET.—MONDAY Oct. 5, 1835.

Reported for the Boston Patriot.

At Market, 5250 Cattle, (say 3600 Beef Cattle and 1650 Stores, 4000 Sheep, and 370 Swine.

PRICES.—*Beef Cattle.*—Prices have further declined. A few yokes extra taken at 31s 6d; prime 29s a 30s; good 25s 6d a 28; two and three year old 16s 6d a 21s.

Barrelling Cattle.—Dull. More are at market than we recollect ever seeing before at one time; they have also come too early. The barrellers offer for Mess 22s 6d, No 1 19s 6d, No 2 16s 6d; but the drovers refuse to take less than 24s for Mess, 21s for No 1, and 18s for No 2. A large proportion remain unsold.

Stores.—Dull. Yearlings \$5 a 6 50; two year old 9 a 14; three year old 15 a 23.

Sheep.—Ordinary at 10s, a 11s; middling 11s 6d, 12s, and 13s; better qualities 14s, 15s, 16s 6d and 17s.

Swine.—No old at market. Several lots of Shoats were taken at 4 1-4 for sows, and 5 1-4 for Barrows; at retail, 5 for Sows and 6 for Barrows.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Winthrop, Oct. 1 1835.

Alden Austin
Briggs Ezra
Blake & Sampson
Bodge Almarah
Cushing Mary Ann
Chandler Samuel
Farnham & Cordis
Dexter Stephen
Dexter Sumner
Eaton John W.
Eaton John
Follett John
Fogg Samuel (2)
Fairbanks Enos
Foster Betsey
Frost Edward
Gale Daniel
Gardiner Betsy L.
Hathaway Manda R.
Knox Theodore
King Charity

Lindsay James G.
Millett Mr. Rev.
Macomber Martain
Otis Amos
Packard Nelson
Packard Eliphalet
Richard Samuel
Soule Charles
Stafford Jacob
Stevens Lorenzo
Swift Elizabeth
Smith Isaac
Town Clerk of Winthrop
To the Baptist Church
Winthrop Me. Care of
Rev S. Fogg
Thomas Cephas
Vance Charity
White Moses (2)
Whiting Nathaniel
Wing Joshua

GEO. W. STANLEY, P. M.

Lime.

W. T. LUMBARD has just received and keeps constantly for sale, the best kind of THOMAS TON LIME.

Augusta, Sept. 18th, 1835.

Found,

IN this office one THREE DOLLAR BILL, the owner can have it by calling at this office, proving property and paying charges.

WM. G. MOODY.

Winthrop, Sept. 1835.

Fire Frames, Stoves, Funnel &c RICHARDS & NORCROSS,

Opposite the Augusta Hotel, Front Street Augusta, have for sale

FIRE FRAMES,

Of various patterns and sizes; COOKING STOVES, new and improved patterns; Franklin Stoves, Six Plate and Box Stoves, all sizes, suitable for shops or meeting houses; Funnel, cast iron Pumps, Oven and Ash Mouths, Boiler Mouths with grates, Russia and English Sheet Iron, Sheet Lead, Copper and Zinc, Brass Fire Setts, Shovels and Tongs, Knives and Forks. A general assortment of Tin, Japaned and Britannia ware; Feathers of various qualities, &c. &c.

Sept. 24, 1835.

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Republic of Letters.

THE Fifty-second number of the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS closed the first year of the work. It was commenced as an experiment. The liberal patronage it has received, as well as the favor bestowed upon other works of the like kind which have followed in its track, shows that the plan of the work is approved, and has given it a permanency which induces the publisher to make such improvements and alterations as he believes will be acceptable to subscribers, and to give it a further claim upon the reading community.

The publisher has the pleasure of stating that the work will hereafter be edited by Mrs A. H. NICHOLAS, who will hereafter receive the aid and advice of Washington Irving, Gulian C. Verplanck, Edward Everett, Charles F. Hoffman, in making the necessary selections for it.

The change in the form of the work, from quarto to octavo, has met with the approbation of all the subscribers with whom the publisher has been enabled to confer.

The work will be published weekly, as usual at 6 1-4 cts. each number, or \$3 per year to those who receive the work by mail and pay in advance. Each number will contain thirty-two pages.

The first two volumes comprising the first year, contain the following works, (each work being complete and entire) and may be had bound or in numbers.

The Man of Feelings, by Mackenzie: The Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith: The Tales of the Hall, by Crabbe: The Letters of Lady Wortley Montague: Rasselas, by Dr Johnson: Castle of Otranto, by Horace Walpole: The old English Baron, by Clara Reeve: Dr Franklin's Life and Essays: Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, by Wilson: The Adventures of Gill Blas, from the French of Le Sage, by Smollet: Julia de Ronbigne, by Mackenzie: Mazeppa, by Lord Byron: The Tapestry Chamber, by Walter Scott: The Dream of Eugene Aram, by Hood: Zeluco, by Dr Moore: Essays, moral, economical, and political, by the Lord Chancellor Bacon: Chevy Chase: L'Allegro, by Milton: Il pensero, by Milton: Italian and Spanish Proverbs: The History of Charles XII., by Voltaire: Manfred by Elizabeth, by Mad. Cotton: Retaliation, by Goldsmith: The Man of the World, by Mackenzie: Gulliver's Travels, by Swift: Essay on the Human Understanding, by Locke: Don Quixotte, by Cervantes: Memoirs of Prince Eugene, by himself, &c: The Dairy of an Invalid: The Deserted Village, by Goldsmith: Life of Henry Lord Bolinbroke: Belinbroke: Belisarius, by Maricotel: Pope's Essay on Man: Collection of Apothegms, by Lord Bacon.

* * Communications relating to the work addressed post paid to J. HANCOCK, 127 Washington st., Boston, General Agent for the Eastern States, will meet with attention.

Publishers of Newspapers in the above States who will insert this advertisement, and forward the paper, shall receive the work for one year.

Poetry.

The Farmer's Song.

I envy not the mighty king
Upon the splendid throne—
Nor crave his glittering diadem,
Nor wish his power mine own;
For though his power and wealth be great,
And round him thousands bow
In reverence—in my low estate
More solid peace I know.

I envy not the Miser—he
May tell his treasures o'er,
May heaps on heaps around him see,
And toil and sigh for more:
I'd scorn his narrow sordid soul,
Rapacious and unjust;
Nor bow beneath the base control
Of empty, gilded dust.

My wants are few and well supplied
By my productive fields;
I court no luxuries besides,
Save what contentment yields.
More pure enjoyment labor gives,
Than wealth or fame can bring,
And he is happier who lives
A Farmer, than a King.

Miscellany.

*For the Maine Farmer.***The importance of forming a Taste for Good Reading.**

MR. HOLMES:—Every person who has been accustomed to search out and define those causes which have produced the most beneficial effects upon the minds of individuals and communities, unite in assigning to a taste for good reading, a high place. Whenever we discover it in youth, it may be regarded as a redeeming principle, and if properly cultivated, it will perhaps not only prove a safeguard to his virtues, but a sure pledge of his future greatness and usefulness. The human mind is of such a nature as to require a constant supply of fresh and interesting ideas or it languishes, and discovers to the practical observer symptoms of imbecility and indistinctness. By the constant perusal of valuable publications, the mind is enlarged and supplied with a copious stock of new and profitable thoughts on a great variety of subjects, which furnish an inexhaustible source of entertainment and comfort in seasons of affliction and sorrow. Besides, there are periods of time in the life of almost every individual, which if not taken up in reading, will remain unemployed, and the unhappy person not having wherewith to stay his mind upon, is exposed to various unpleasant, and too often destructive temptations. Idleness is the fruitful soil of vice. Let every youth who wishes to preserve his virtues shun it as he would the rock upon which his present and future happiness must suffer eternal shipwreck. And in no way can the temptation to idleness be so well prevented as to employ every leisure moment in good reading. If an author gives birth to good thoughts while the mind is intent reading him, it is almost impossible for it to be thinking bad thoughts. The thoughts of evil is the beginning of temptation, and should be most carefully and studiously avoided. To the youth I would say, guard well your thoughts, "for thoughts are heard in Heaven." They are the harbingers of good or evil as their character may be. Your mental character will be the character which you must sustain in the sight of your Creator and of the world. The end of all thought is action. Evil thoughts will seldom fail to produce evil actions. On the contrary, good actions

must proceed from good thoughts. By good reading, the necessity for good company is supplied. There is not the shadow of a reason for persons who can command good books to converse with wicked companions. There is no excuse for a man's walking with the wicked and sitting in the seat of the scornful, when he can hold high converse with such men as Abraham the father of the faithful, and Moses the meek and tried friend of God. There is no need of his languishing into melancholly, or resorting to the arena of carnal mirth and pay his offerings at the shrine of the God of jollity, when he can listen to the soul stirring and comforting strains of the sweet singer of Israel. His energies may not slumber and rust when Isaiah points before him in prophetic coloring the enlivening prospects and joyous scenes of Messiah's reign. The springs of his sympathies may not dry when Jeremiah exhibits the city of Jerusalem sitting solitary, and making the pathetic appeal, "is it nothing to you O ye that pass by, was ever suffering like my suffering?" That ancient volume, the Bible, contains an inexhaustible fountain of excellent thoughts, which are as high as Heaven—as deep as hell, and as broad as eternity, which may be had by thought and meditation. But other uninspired men, whose works yield both pleasure and profit to the reader. There was Homer and Hesiod, the fathers of song. Virgil was, who charmed all Italy with the music of his Numbers. By reading we can hold holy companionship with the great and good of all ages and of almost every nation. Whenever I enter a Library methinks I hear the venerable men, though dead, speaking. The monuments of their skill and industry remain for the instruction of the present and future ages. It is pleasant and profitable to go down through past time and possess ourselves of the wisdom of the mighty and good dead. Whoever would possess an enlarged mind, and be able to command the esteem and respect as well as to bless his generation and leave something for the instruction of posterity, let him give his days and nights to the reading of good books, and let the reader remember that he must think as well as read. I have now written enough for once. If I do not continue the subject, I hope that something will soon be said in your paper calculated to direct the young reader in the choice of books.

Respectfully yours,

R.

*For the Maine Farmer.***Evening Contemplations.**

Let us for a moment leave the fireside circle and the gay delights of social society, to enjoy and contemplate the beauties and perfection displayed in the nocturnal heavens. The sun has now finished his daily course, and has retired in glorious magnificence behind the western horizon. The beasts and birds have left the busy scene of action, and universal silence and repose seem pressingly to invite us to calm and serious contemplation.

In yonder East is seen the silver Queen of night, rising in full orb'd glory, and shedding abroad her beams of transcendent beauty over the dark and dreary expanse. See the clouds flee at her approach and give place to her silvery beams. How beautiful and refreshing is the season. How calm and tranquil she travels up the heavenly road with unparalleled beauty and splendor and the most profound and unbroken silence. She seems to ride in peerless majesty and reign queen among the innumerable host of bodies that deck the star spangled vault of heaven. The wide spread heavens seem to be her mantle, and every star a spot of beaming

gold or jewel to decorate her royal robe. But are they so much inferior to her? Do they stand in the relation of subjects—dim specks, scarcely visible in the great map of the Universe? When we take the mighty Universe for our standard, they are indeed nothing but almost unperceptible spots to an eye that with one glance can take in the whole compass of created things. But when we take this earth or yon moon for our standard, they lose their diminutive appearance and swell at once into pompous worlds. Their vast unknown and inconceivable distance is the cause of the deception; vast, unknown and inconceivable indeed it is, for were we to take the wings of the morning light and travel with this unabated speed, it would require ages to complete the great journey to the nearest of these twinkling worlds. Hence it becomes not only highly probable, but absolutely certain, that they are many thousand times larger than our earth to be seen at such an immense distance. Could we be elevated to those sublime abodes, and be seated on the remotest star, peradventure we should see other stars and suns, with their attending spheres, rising to our view, and in short, all that we now behold may be situated within the very suburbs of the great empire of the Universe. If we again wing our imaginations to those exalted abodes, and there behold them teeming with life, covered with verdure, and in every instance displaying the wisdom, skill and adaptation which is manifested in those things with which we are acquainted, what heart is there so cold as not to be filled with kindlings of emotion and feelings of gratitude. As we gaze upon this innumerable host of brilliant worlds, placed at such a prodigious distance from each other, the mind will be filled with astonishment when we reflect upon the infinite extent of the Creator's power, who has under his constant superintendence this mighty host of rolling worlds.

Are we not constrained when taking a view of this sublime and interesting subject to cry with one formerly, "what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou regardest him." Before such an exalted view of his greatness, scepticism must vanish and unbelief seek a hiding place.
Winthrop, 1835.

James B. Murch,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Turner—Oxford County, Maine.

J. B. M. will give punctual attendance to all business entrusted to his care in the Counties of Oxford and Kennebec.

Evils of Using Tobacco.

A Disquisition on the Evils of Using Tobacco, and the necessity of immediate and entire reformation; by ORIN FOWLER, A. M. for sale at this office. Price 6 1-4 cents.

Blacksmith Wanted.

FOGG & SYLVESTER would like to employ a young man at the Blacksmithing business. One partially acquainted with the business would answer and would meet with good encouragement.
Winthrop, Sept. 1, 1835.

White Mulberry Seed,

Warranted to be of the growth of 1835—for sale at this office. This seed was raised in Mansfield, Conn. and is a first rate article.

The seed may be sown now, and the plants covered deeply by straw and litter, which will prevent their winter killing. Price 50 cents per ounce.
August 19, 1835.

Notice.

The subscriber hereby requests all those who are indebted to him for professional services, done previous to January 1835, to call and make payment immediately.
C. KNAPP.

Winthrop, July 8, 1835.